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An Old Lace-Maker.

(R. Shindler, in 'Friendly Greetings'.)

The lace-makers of the present day are fewer in number than they were fifty years ago, or even less. Pillow lace is still made in some districts, but chiefly by old people, women especially, but sometimes by men when too old or infirm to engage in ordinary manual labor.

Our picture represents one of them, busy at 'shuffling his threads.' It is a portrait from life of Mr. William Singer, who lived a few miles from Bedford. The portrait was taken when he was ninety-four years of age. He was then still able to do a little work on his pillow, and the specimen of

yielded himself to God, and from that time to the end of his days he walked faithfully before God, seeing his children and his children's children walking also in the paths of righteousness.

William Singer was one of a class of which the writer has seen and known not a few—men and women in humble walks of life, true Christians, and serving their generation according to the will of God. Their means of livelihood were small, but their faith was strong; they valued above everything earthly the grace that bringeth salvation, and the hope laid up for them in heaven, and the means of grace by which their faith and hope are sustained.

The lines of the poet, William Cowper,

of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.'

Pandita Ramabai.

A VISIT TO HER HOME.

(By G. S. Eddy, India.)

It was on a summer evening that my friend and I left the train at Kedgaum and made our way across the famine parched prairie to the hundred acres of Ramabai's school. A great quadrangle of long stone buildings appeared, a striking monument to faith and the grace of God. We went inside the quadrangle, past groups of neatly-dressed Indian girls, to the garden in the centre, laid out with beautiful design, so that the decorations of the flower beds in Scripture texts spell out the praises of God. It is well that they should praise him here where the desert has been made to blossom as the rose, and human hearts have been delivered from the shame and sorrow of earth to the purity and joy of heaven.

In the evening we sat cross-legged upon a board on the plain, mud floor, and took our evening meal with Ramabai and the devoted woman from America who is helping her. We had curry and rice, coarse native bread, and milk. But the most interesting feature of the meal was Ramabai herself. Her face was brim full of intelligence and bright with humor though there was a touch of sadness about it, too, at times.

The next day was Sunday. We wondered why no breakfast appeared, but found that the girls gave up their morning meal on Sunday to help their starving people. As the hundreds of girls gathered for Sunday-school, neat, clean, womanly, and happy, we could not but be moved as we thought of the past from which they had been rescued; the worst, from widowhood, starvation, neglect, sin and shame; the best, from idolatry, homes without God, without hope, without the Bible, and without Christ. On Sunday afternoon I found Ramabai having a quiet time with her Bible, with leisure to answer my questions. With what I had already known, and what she told me then, I learned the story of her life.

'In the great famine of '77, when I was a girl, our family was reduced to starvation. We prostrated ourselves before the idols day and night. When our money was gone we began to sell our jewellery, clothes, and cooking utensils. The day came when the last grain of rice was gone. We went into the forest to die there. First my father, then my mother, and then my eldest sister died of starvation. My brother and I continued our sad pilgrimage from the south to the northern boundary of India and back to Calcutta. I was often without food for days. Four lony years we suffered from scarcity. None of my friends can ever understand what my feelings are now for this famine stricken people. The memory of the last day of my parents' lives, full of sorrow, almost breaks my heart.'

In her early life she received an exception-



HE WAS STILL ABLE TO DO A LITTLE WORK ON HIS PILLOW.

work which I purchased of his granddaughter is perfect, so far, at least, as my judgment goes.

The portrait represents the venerable man at work. The window plants show his taste for flowers; on the rustic table at his right hand stands a glass jar, with an inverted bottle, an arrangement to concentrate on his pillow the light of his modest candle. At his back, on the shelves, are his small library, containing his Bible and a choice selection of religious books, for William Singer is a good Christian man, and the light of a holy calm and peace are shown in his countenance.

While still a young man, William Singer

may in truth be applied to such a man as William Singer the lace-maker:

Yon cottager, who weaves at his own door,
Pillow and bobbins all his little store;
Content though mean, and cheerful if not
gay,

Shuffling his threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, his heart and pocket
light.

The value of such a life as that of the old lace-maker is beyond price. How it proves the truth and force of the words of the inspired apostle, that 'Godliness with contentment is great gain, having promise

al education in Sanskrit and other Indian languages (she can now speak six). She had read portions of Scripture in Sanskrit but it was not until her journey to England that, seeing the superiority of Christianity to Hinduism, she was baptized, though still unconverted. When I asked her what had been the epochs in her Christian life she said, 'One day, I read Mr. Haslam's 'From Death Unto Life.' As I read of his conversion after he had been in the ministry, I saw at once that mine also was an intellectual belief in which there was no life. Then I believed God and took him at his word, and my burden of sin rolled away. Still I was not satisfied; I felt the need of the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit in me. One day I prayed that I might receive the Holy Spirit, but it was not until evening that I knew that I had received him. Since then there has been daily growth. Then came another step in service for God. I had read of George Muller and the China Inland Mission, and I thought if others can do this why should not I? In the famine of '96, I saw these girls dying and I felt that I must have them. I said, "I will depend upon God and not man." I began to take these starving girls, keeping them at first under the trees for shelter. I asked God for money for buildings, and he has sent over \$25,000. He has sent us 500 girls, and if God sends them I will take a thousand more.' (I confess that I did not think that she realized what this meant; certainly my faith did not dream of 'a thousand more,' but within six months of that time her last letter tells me that the number has already reached 1,500!)

One who has not to be responsible for the daily support of 1,500 hungry children, at a cost of, say, a hundred dollars a day, or \$3,000 a month for all expenses, cannot quite realize the magnitude of such an undertaking. Think of one native woman, in this land of timid women, drawing the plans and superintending the construction of immense buildings; directing one hundred teachers, matrons, and workers; providing not only for the education but for the industrial training also of over a thousand girls in sewing and weaving, housework and farming, running a dairy and oil mill; cooking and nursing. Add to this the supervision of feminine relief works, employing hundreds of villagers, and the carrying the Gospel into fifteen surrounding villages. And last of all, the rescue, providing for, discipline, and Christian instruction of fifteen hundred girls, with no one to look to but God!

She told me that God had abundantly supplied all her need. She said little of her faith, but much of God's faithfulness. I asked her what was the greatest lesson she had learned in these three years. She said, 'To learn that we can place complete dependence on God for every trial and every need. As soon as I begin to look to man, something goes wrong.'

Dear friends, do you not read in the life and work of this woman the future of many another of India's women, the success of Christian missions, and the spiritual result of the famine to the rescued children in the orphanages throughout India. This work lies, in most cases, outside the regular appropriations of the missionary societies, and it is worthy of our sacrifice and prayer at this time.

Don't miss a copy of 'World Wide.' Its second issue is now ready.

Papers for India.

(Editor 'Northern Messenger'.)

In regard to India, there is another way besides the worthy ones mentioned in the 'Messenger,' by which the readers can help greatly.

The children in India who are learning to read English come in scores to a lady there asking for papers published in English. She says the Sunday-school papers would be just the thing. The missionaries with whom I am in correspondence do not care for denominational papers for general distribution.

The 'Northern Messenger' is the favorite paper with several. It answers all purposes. It teaches lessons in Christianity and temperance. I expect very soon to receive a list of boys and girls' names and addresses for India. Would some of the readers of the 'Messenger' like to get one and then after they have read their paper mail it to a boy or girl who perhaps never knew before what a pleasure it is to receive papers through the post.

Another plan is this: Let some one in the Sunday-school be appointed to collect all the 'Messengers' from children who are willing to return them after they are read. Take up a collection at times for postage, and let these papers be mailed to this address:—

Miss Dunhill,
12 S. Parade,
Bangalore, India.

This lady is an educated Eurasian, and she is anxious to get all the 'Messengers' possible. She takes them to the rack at the station, also to the barracks, where they are eagerly read and much prized.

Again, are there any of you who receive 'The Youth's Companion?' I wish I could get a volunteer to send his or her 'Companion' every week after it is read to this address:—

Rev. Mr. Leflamme,
Cocanda,
India.

Mr. Leflamme has a reading room for gentlemen. It is patronized by college students, government officials, etc. These are natives who are educated in English. You know how much you enjoy your papers. Just think how much pleasure and good you can contribute if you save them and mail them to some one else. I will inclose my name and address in hopes that there may be a boy or girl, or several of them, who would like to try one of these plans.

You could fancy the children away across the sea reading the little letters published in the 'Messenger' from Canadian boys and girls. If you wish to enlist in this crusade, either send a two-cent stamp to me for the name and address in India, or get your Sunday-school teacher interested to post parcels to Miss Dunhill, in Bangalore. A large number of ladies in India asked the editor of a magazine there to try to work up an interest in this scheme while he was in Canada. He came to me and asked me to undertake it for him; so you see I am backed up in this idea by a host of Christian workers who are abroad. I get the most interesting letters, too. Sometime, perhaps, your editor will let me send you glimpses of these epistles from Asia to America. What do you think? Will you try?

Faithfully,

(MRS.) M. E. COLE.

112 Irvine avenue, Westmount, Que.

P.S.—I might say that a special request has been sent me asking for some one who

would send 'The Youth's Companion' every week to Mr. Leflamme's reading room, and 'The Ram's Horn' to another address in India, which I would prefer not to have published, but will be glad to send by mail to any one who wishes to assist in the evangelization of godless men, whose influence abroad is most harmful. M. E. C.

[It should be carefully noted by those who wish to help with this good work that even missionaries cannot make use of torn or soiled papers of any kind. We hope that many will write to Mrs. Cole for one of these addresses and tell her what papers they expect to be able to send. The 'Sabbath Reading' is also a paper much appreciated by missionaries and foreign students who can read English.]

A Japanese Testimony.

To those who look for evidence of the power of Christianity every home or foreign mission will supply them: 'A Japanese gentleman, widely travelled, highly educated, and a Buddhist, who was desirous of seeing the seamy side of London life, and also to put to the test what he had heard concerning the power of Christianity, has been taken round by a city missionary. After visiting Slumdon and learning something of the prevalent condition of morals and labour, the visitor took tea in a clean and well-furnished little home. When informed that the husband was a converted brewer's drayman, and that his hostess had been rescued from drunkenness by the grace of God, he was greatly impressed with the practical value of Christianity, which he declared far superior to Shintoism. "Christianity," he remarked, "lifts a man out of the pit: Shintoism bids him climb out of it."'

Cordially Welcomed.

The librarian of the Seeley's Bay Methodist Sabbath-school, when renewing the order for the 'Northern Messenger,' says:— 'We like the paper very much, and as a weekly visitor it is cordially welcomed.'

Just Try It.

'If you would be well informed read the 'Witness.' Just try it for a year and see. Few give it up after such a trial; especially is this the case with those who have had experience of the unreliable and actually misinforming qualities of the sensational press. 'Daily Witness,' \$3.00 per annum. 'Weekly Witness,' \$1.00 per annum. Short term trial subscriptions at 25c a month for the 'Daily,' and 25c for three months for the 'Weekly.' Sample copies, subscriptions blanks and canvassers' discounts sent on application by post card to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Promotion Department,
Montreal, Que.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN GALATIANS.

- Jan. 20, Sun.—Ye are all one in Christ Jesus.
- Jan. 21, Mon.—God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.
- Jan. 22, Tues.—Thou art no more a servant, but a son.
- Jan. 23, Wed.—An heir of God through Christ.
- Jan. 24, Thur.—It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing.
- Jan. 25, Fri.—Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.
- Jan. 26, Sat.—By love serve one another.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Donation Party.

(Eben E. Rexford, in 'Ledger Monthly'.)

There was going to be a donation party in Dunham Corners, for the benefit, supposedly, of the Rev. Mr. Leach, who had recently taken charge of that field.

This was his first year in the regular ministry, and he knew nothing about donation parties from personal experience.

'I wonder what they will bring us?' said Mrs. Leach, on the afternoon before the party, which was to be in the evening. 'I suppose we'll get all kinds of provisions, and probably lots of old clothes. I've heard that a good many country congregations dispose of their old garments in that way, on the principle, I suppose, that anything'll do for a minister's family.'

I have baked two cakes, half a dozen pies, boiled a ham, and fried a whole panful of doughnuts. There are three loaves of bread in the house, a jar of butter and that half a cheese Mr. Perkins brought us. I think this ought to be sufficient to make up for any possible deficiency.'

'Of course, they won't need it all,' said the minister. 'Probably our own supplies will not be drawn upon at all.'

'I hope not,' answered his wife, 'for they'd last the rest of the week, and I wouldn't have to do any cooking while I'm cleaning house.'

'What do you want to clean house for?' asked her husband. 'I thought you'd just got through cleaning.'

'I have,' was the reply. 'But you'll see how the place looks to-morrow morning.'

Before the second contribution had been disposed of, two other teams drove into the yard.

'Bein's you're a Yankee, I reckoned you'd like beans,' said the driver of the foremost team, 'so I brought some. They're good ones, too—better'n some I've sold for two dollars a bushel, years back.'

'So you've fetched beans, have ye?' sang out the other arrival, hearing what Mr. Wade said to the minister. 'That's what I've got. Ruther guess you'll have beans enough to last quite a spell, if he's got as big a bagful as I have, elder.'

'It doesn't look as if there was likely to be a lack, right away,' responded the minister. 'I've just emptied the second two-bushel bag, and now you've brought as many more. I don't see what I'm going to do with them.'

'Oh, dump 'em down anywhere,' said Mr. Wade. 'Beans ain't pertickler. They won't sp'ile.'

'But—how are we to eat them all?' said the bewildered minister. 'That's what puzzles me. My wife and I can't get rid of so many.'

'Oh, sell 'em, sell 'em,' said Mr. Wade, cheerfully. 'They're ruther cheap this year, seein's there was so many raised, but they'll fetch somethin'.'

The two bagfuls brought by these neighbors were 'dumped down' in the corner of the woodshed, and the minister thought he was going to get into the house to receive his visitors. But before he had got out of the woodshed, a whole string of teams drove down the road, and every one of them brought beans!

'What under the sun am I to do with them?' groaned the poor minister. 'The woodshed won't hold them all at this rate. It looks as if they expected to pay off my salary in beans.'

'I swan, you've got a lot of 'em a'ready,' said the first man of the last arrivals to unload his contribution to the donation party. 'But you can get rid o' what you don't need in the family. Beans'll keep, an' byemby they'll bring a good price, I reckon. I shouldn't wonder if we had a poor crop next year. 'Tain't o'fen we git two sech crops a runnin' as we had this year.'

The minister began to understand the reason why beans flowed in upon him so freely. There had been a bountiful crop of them in Dunham Corners, he remembered having heard some one say, and as they were worth but little in the market, because of over-supply, his parishioners had determined, to a man, it seemed, to unload some of their surplus on the minister.

He looked about him, as he stood in the woodshed, after the last bagful of the last arrivals had been emptied on the floor, and the humor of the thing began to get the better of his temporary resentment.

'Still there's more to follow, I suppose,' he said. 'I wonder if I can't get a contract to supply the government?'

'What on earth are you doing out here in the woodshed all this while?' his wife said, putting her head in at the door. 'I haven't had a glimpse of you since the first team came.'

'I've gone into the produce business,' answered the minister. 'I'm making a specialty of beans just now. Come in, my dear, and take a look at the stock on hand.'

Mrs. Leach stepped into the woodshed and looked about her in dismay.

'Do you think we're likely to live long enough to eat them all?' she asked; and



'I SWAN, YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF 'EM A'READY,' SAID THE FIRST MAN

'I've heard of it,' responded the minister, 'but I don't believe it. It hardly seems possible, nowadays, that any community would expect its minister to make use of second-hand garments, and especially when, as in this case, all that is brought in is credited on his salary. I told Deacon Hovey that I did not approve of donations, from what I had seen of them, but he said the people would feel "put out" if they did not have one. "They'd been used to 'em," he said, "an' he thought they was a good thing, because they helped the minister an' his family to get acquainted with the folks." So I gave way to their wishes, for this time, thinking perhaps we might get some good out of it. I suppose you are ready for a houseful of company?'

'Yes, I suppose I am,' answered his wife, rather dubiously. 'I can't help wishing it wasn't coming off, or else that it was all over with. Mrs. Jones hinted that it was a good plan to "cook up something," as sometimes they ran short of provisions; so

The first arrival of the evening was Deacon Crockett.

'I've bro't you a hull bagful o' beans,' said the deacon to the minister. 'Where'll I put them? I'd like to empty the bag, so I could take it home with me.'

The minister found a box in the woodshed, and the beans were emptied into it. By the time this was done, another team drove up.

'I've got some o' the nicest beans here you ever sot your eyes on,' said Mr. Winslow. 'They'll come in handy this winter, elder. I've heard say there was lots o' brains in beans, an' I tho't mebbe you'd need somethin' to help you git up them sermons o' yours with. Eh, Elder?' and Mr. Winslow laughed at what he considered a rather good specimen of humor.

This second bag of beans more than filled the box the minister had provided as a receptacle for those Deacon Crockett had brought, and a little heap was made in one corner of the woodshed.

then she sat down on a box of beans and laughed till she cried. 'Oh, dear, isn't it funny?'

'You wouldn't think so if you had to find a place for them,' said her husband. 'Hark! I hear another team coming. There'll be more bean-room wanted, so you'd better get out of the way.'

It was past nine o'clock before poor Mr. Leach got away from the woodshed. When he left it, he stopped at the door and took a look at the place. The entire floor was covered with beans. It looked as if there had been a deluge of them.

'If beans do make brains, I shall develop into the brainiest man of the age,' thought the minister, with a chuckle, as he shut the door behind him. 'I begin to enjoy donation parties,—they're such social affairs!' and he laughed all the way to the parlor, where men, women and children were packed as sardines in a box.

He tried to talk with his visitors, but somehow his mind seemed to wander. If he closed his eyes, he could see streams of white beans running out of the mouths of great bags, and the rattle, rattle, rattle of them as they poured out upon the floor made a distracting sound in his ears. If he opened his mouth to say anything, he felt as if, in spite of himself, what he said would be something about beans. He saw beans, heard beans, and thought beans.

By and by supper was announced. He gave thanks, from the head of the table, and he did not feel easy until after he had said, 'Amen,' for he had felt as if the baleful influence of beans would lead him into making special mention of them.

'There isn't a mouthful of anything in the house for breakfast,' Mrs. Leach groaned, as they looked over the place when their guests had departed. 'The butter's gone, and the cheese is gone, and the bread and the doughnuts—'

'But there are beans enough and to spare,' said her husband comfortingly. 'If I didn't miscount, we have fifty-two bushels of them. I've got to build a new woodshed, now that we've turned the old one into a warehouse.'

Mrs. Leach looked about her with another groan. Such a looking place as it was! Confusion reigned supreme, in the parlor and sitting-room, and it was 'confusion worse confounded' in the kitchen, where all the crockery, glassware and silver they were possessors of strewn tables, shelves and even the chairs.

'It will take me a week to get things straightened around and cleaned up,' said Mrs. Leach. 'But, then—I suppose we ought not to regret it, for Mrs. Layman said she hadn't enjoyed herself so much since her husband died, and the rest of them kept telling me they were having a "dretful good time." But I hope, my dear, we haven't made it so pleasant for them that they'll want another donation party very soon. If they mention it, we can tell them we haven't got out of beans yet—and that may head them off.'

'Didn't they bring anything but beans?' asked the minister.

'Yes,' was the reply. 'Three or four gave me some money. I suppose they hadn't any beans to bring.'

About a week after that the following advertisement appeared in a city paper:

'BEANS FOR SALE.—Any one wanting beans can have them at a reasonable price by applying to H. L. Dunham Corners. Fifty bushels on hand. Would

prefer to sell the lot to one party, in order to get rid of them as soon as possible. Specially low terms to such a purchaser.'

A Remarkable Providence.

'I consider it to be the duty as well as the privilege of all God's children who have been the subjects of wonderful deliverances to testify the same, and make known to the unbelieving world that there is a God who sees, knows and directs in all things that pertain to their welfare, and often warns of danger to come. Of this latter character is my testimony,' says a Christian employer.

'One morning on going to my business about two years ago I was greatly astonished at one of my female workers saying:

"Mr. H—, I don't want to frighten you, but I consider I ought to tell you that I dreamt last night that you were killed on Nottingham station platform." Adding: "I don't want to stop your going down to Nottingham, but to ask you to be very careful."

"This is substantially the import of words addressed to me by a person who had not been long in my employ, and who would require considerable courage to enable her to speak them.

"At first I felt inclined to disregard the matter, and—as was my usual custom every week-day—go down to Nottingham by train; but I suddenly remembered the passage about God speaking to men in dreams and visions of the night, and it was forcibly impressed upon me that this might be God's way of warning me of impending evil. And so I decided not to go down to town, however pressing the business might be.

"Towards four p.m. one of my customers telephoned me to go down at once, "business most important;" but I remembered the warning, and refused.

"I may here say, though I go to Nottingham every week-day morning, I do not go twice a week in the afternoon, and then only on very pressing business, such as indicated above, and which would have certainly taken me down if I had not been so distinctly warned of impending evil.

"That very evening, and at about the same time when I should have been on the station platform at Nottingham returning home, the platform roof had one or two principal supports knocked from under it by a train off the line, and many tons of roofing fell on to both platforms and on to all the sets of rails, maiming several persons, and necessitating their removal to the hospital.

"Your readers may judge of my feelings when I read an account of the affair in the next morning's paper, and viewed the destruction caused by the accident, when, as usual, I went down to Nottingham that day.

"I firmly believe that God chose this means to save me from a serious accident, and very likely from untimely death.—'Sunday Companion.'

The superintendent of public instruction in San Francisco said before the legislative committee of the state that he had carefully kept the records of the effect of cigarette smoking on the boys in the public schools of the county, and that he found that a 'cigarette fiend,' not only fell off in deportment and lesson reports, but that he would invariably lie and steal.

'World Wide' is a journal of literary distinction, and is offered at an exceedingly low price.

One Perilous Glass.

(By John Stuart, in 'The Alliance News.')

CHAPTER I.—THE WEDDING LUNCHEON.

The wedding luncheon was an appetizing spectacle. Dainty viands were interwoven with the loveliest of June roses. The dining-room of 'The Lodge' was taxed to its utmost capacity, and a merry party it was that discussed the chicken and salad and the bride's behavior in church. If any of us have not undergone these experiences, either as principals or assistants, we probably shall some day.

At the moment of the greatest exuberance of spirits a tap on the table induces silence, and a cousin of the newly-wedded wife rises to propose the toast of the day. His speech, although flattering and eloquent, is not worth printing in full. Sufficient to say that he concluded with the remark, 'And now to the fair Millicent who no longer owns the family name of Anderson, and to the worthy knight—George Mordaunt—whose special charge she is from to-day, I fill my glass, and drink with every good wish, "Long life, and health, and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Mordaunt!"'

The score of guests raised their glasses, and with every demonstration of cordiality joined in the toast. In all but two the wine was rich and sparkling. One of these belonged to Lena Anderson, the bride's sister, whose table beverage was water. The bride's glass, too, contained no stronger liquor, and when her husband, after acknowledging the toast, proposed, in return, 'The bride's father and mother,' she lifted her glass of water.

'Oh, drink it in wine,' said he. 'Yes, yes; don't use water,' echoed voices around.

The young wife, with eyes half filled with tears, protested gently.

'No, water will do. You know, I never take wine.'

It was an awkward time for argument. Millicent was not a heroine, but an average woman, loving the man to whom she had just yielded herself and her whole life, and not disposed just then to run counter to his slightest wish. So, when he looked down and whispered softly and tenderly in her ear:

'Do, Millie; there's a darling. It can't hurt you, and will look so much nicer,' she yielded, and raised the glass he had filled to her lips, to the delight of the group around her.

Of all save Lena, who was built of sterner stuff. Over her face came a look in which pity blent with anger. Her strength of character was known, and nobody cared to earn her indignant rejoinder by persuasion to take wine.

The gaiety would have vanished from other faces than that of Lena's had the prophetic instinct been present to reveal how much that first glass of wine would cost. Her husband would have sooner cut off his hand, and certainly gone without his wife, had he known what was to follow. To him the drinking of a glass of wine was the most commonplace incident. Total abstinence was unknown in the family, except that occasionally a servant was spoken of as belonging to some teetotal society. When at Oxford he took wine at the college dinner, and when at home or in company he followed the customs of modern times. But he never drank to excess; he was more concerned about the quality than the quantity. When dining with the Andersons, and sitting next to his fiancée, he had not

iced her glass of water, but he was too courteous—and perhaps too indifferent—to remark upon it, or to persuade her to take wine. He had studied history and philosophy, languages, and law, but not the nature of alcohol. In pressing his bride to join the guest in drinking to her father and mother it was simply because he did not wish to see her conspicuous by a departure from common usage.

Millicent's father and mother were accustomed to her avoidance of wine. They themselves were very moderate people, brought up in the old school, but a chance remark of the family physician had caused them to give their children milk and cocoa, as more nourishing. When Lena was seventeen she had heard a temperance sermon in church, and as a result signed the pledge, and became a worker in a branch of the C. E. T. S.; and although she had been unable to persuade Millie into active co-operation she had yet influenced her sufficiently to follow her example of personal abstinence. Nor had the parents offered any objection. Theirs was a tolerant sort of rule, and if sometimes the younger brothers, Reginald and Frank, made a remark upon the subject at table they were instantly checked, Mr. Anderson observing on one occasion:

'You let Lena alone. It can't do any harm to take none, but wine ruins a good many who do take it.'

Mr. Anderson might have said much more. His father had been a wine merchant. The days of his youth were noted for drunkenness in the upper and middle classes, causing impoverishment and degradation. As he could more cheaply supply his own cellar from the business stores, the temptations to drink to excess were enhanced. As a matter of fact, grandfather Anderson developed the passion to such an extent that he died from what we now describe as chronic alcoholism, or slow poisoning by intoxicating drink.

It may be that the example was sufficiently awful to deter the son from a like indulgence; in part, perhaps, it was due to the growth of more enlightened views as the result of the temperance reformation, or it may be that by the curious and apparently erratic laws of heredity the passion for drink was absent from Millicent's father; at any rate, he had never evinced any immoderate desire for that poison which had killed the wine merchant. He held a partnership in an important firm of auctioneers, and was able to live in a good-sized villa at Richmond, and surround his family with a considerable measure of refinement and luxury.

CHAPTER II.—A DORMANT APPE- TITE AROUSED.

To this day Millicent remembers the sensations caused by her wedding glass of champagne. The day of her marriage is surely the most outstanding event of a woman's life, and many features connected with it are graven on her memory. But the burning of her throat by that fiery liquid Millicent is still conscious of, the rush of blood to her head, the apparently new life and vigor which for a few minutes possessed her, the exhilaration of feeling and buoyancy of spirit so new and so strange she can yet recall. It was practically a state of intoxication or drunkenness, the tablespoonful of liquor being as potent in its influence on her as a whole bottleful would have been to her grandfather.

Nature is ever seeking to accommodate

itself to habit, and man's physical system is very tolerant to violations of law inflicted by the will of the soul upon the organs of the body. In the long run nature holds its own, and compels to pay the price of transgressing her rules. But in Millicent's case there had been no slow preparation of her physical system to meet the onslaught of this new poison. The bare teaspoonful of alcohol which the wine glass contained was a deadly irritant, and acted upon her whole being as would a strong dose of any other drug. Indeed, its effect was so strong that, she nearly fell back into her chair, and the whirl of thought the wine produced made her indeed glad to resume her seat. In a few minutes the active, intoxicating effect passed away, and some of the exhilaration remained. An unexpected cheerfulness possessed her as she went to put on her travelling costume, and the friends noticed with some surprise and approval that the tears usually shed by a bridal daughter on leaving home were in Millicent's case absent.

But the double excitement of the wedding and of the wine could not, and did not, last long. Some measure of despondency ensued, and the railway journey was not that hour of bliss on which George Mordaunt had counted. And, indeed, he had so mistaken the cause that on their arrival at Dover, en route for Switzerland, he suggested her taking another glass of wine. Poor Millicent, not being able to analyse her feelings and experiences, remembered only the strange sense of delight produced by the first glass, and readily assented to the second. The second effect was not so marked as the first, but it restored her spirits in some measure, and in her ignorance she may be pardoned for mistaking the effect of alcohol. She had yet to learn the full meaning of the Bible declaration, that 'Wine is a mocker—be not deceived thereby.'

The truth is that Millicent Mordaunt was specially unfitted to cope with the temptation. The immediate effects described would have been precisely the same in the case of any young woman, maiden or wife, who had suddenly for the first time taken a similar quantity of intoxicating liquor. But in this granddaughter of the drunken wine merchant—and the case is no uncommon one, although it is sometimes hidden in the comparatively unknown word of atavism, which describes the passing over by disease of one generation—a dormant appetite had been awakened. The seed which by heredity had been implanted in the girl Millicent at birth, and which for two and twenty years had remained hidden, because never brought into contact with alcoholism, had suddenly germinated. Every additional glass developed its life, and induced a craving for more.

Young Mrs. Mordaunt was indeed a woman to be pitied. The very weakness engendered by her grandfather's love of wine had by some mysterious operation of nature passed over to her, affecting both her will and her physical powers, and enervating both. Now, at the most critical epoch in her history, her constitutional weakness of will left her without strength to resist temptation, and that very temptation had found in her physical system the most fertile soil in which to develop. It was like a fire that is laid, and needs only a match. Without any thought of evil, the husband, who was destined to suffer so heavily by the consequences, had himself struck the match. By his persuasive insistence he

had induced her to take that first glass, and so raised a demon of appetite and of longing which it might prove impossible to crush, but which, without that first glass, would never have sprung into being.

Of course, the results were not immediately apparent. All that happened at first was that during the honeymoon Mrs. Mordaunt drank one or two glasses each day at dinner, and her husband was quite glad to see her do so. During the day also, if she felt headachy, or out of sorts she would suffer him to pour out a small glassful, and on one occasion, when they returned after their unusual exercise of climbing, he gave her some brandy. She found that the first effect of this was even more potent than that of wine, and was not averse to her husband's suggestion, that it would be well to have a small flask always at hand.

So the Millicent Mordaunt who, after a month's delightful honeymoon, settled in her new home near Regent's Park, was a different being from the teetotal maiden of 'The Lodge.' She had, like Mother Eve, eaten of a deadly apple, or rather drunk of a deadly poison.

And it was the seed sowing of a terrible harvest of personal and relative suffering.

CHAPTER III.—DOWN GRADE.

In the year which elapsed before the birth of Mrs. Mordaunt's first child, the love of drink had fastened itself upon the mother, as a snake coils around its unhappy victim. It was several months before her husband's eyes were opened to the fact that she drank more than was good for her. His profession was that of a solicitor, and he left for the city shortly before ten, returning to dinner at six. He was rarely home to lunch, nor was he aware that in addition to the supply sent in by his wine merchant sundry bottles were supplied in the grocery account.

Millicent's health had hitherto been fairly good, but as winter approached she was ailing, and the doctor, who was called in—a practitioner of the old type—said that what she needed was a tonic. He recommended a glass of bitter ale as an aid to digestion, and in special cases of fainting or weakness a small quantity of spirits. Evidently he had not mastered Sir B. Ward Richardson's lectures on 'Alcohol,' but his advice was palatable to his patient, who found in it a sort of justification for the daily increasing desire she felt for alcoholic liquors; so strong a desire, indeed, that she was unwilling her husband or family should realize its strength.

But her sister Lena had sharp eyes, and a keen scent. Her interest in temperance work had developed, and one result of the monthly meetings she attended, and of the papers she read, was that she understood the special defencelessness of women in fighting the passion for intoxicants. George Mordaunt and his sister-in-law were good friends, and as he felt that his wife must be somewhat lonely during the day he encouraged Lena to visit her as often as possible. Millicent's evident liking for ale or wine at luncheon astonished and pained her, and her remonstrances roused Millicent's anger.

'Why can't you let me alone?' she said, in reply to Lena's last criticism.

'Because I don't like this new habit of yours. You managed to do without it before you were married, and why not after?'

'I didn't know how nice it was, and how refreshing. You don't understand how it sets me up when I don't feel just the thing.'

'I am sorry you like it, Millie,' Lena replied; 'but that is just the danger. There are many things we like that are not good for us, and I am sure you will suffer by this liking.'

'What do you know about it? You are not a doctor or a professor, and I told you that Dr. Chambers said it was the very thing I needed to give me a fillip for my food.'

'I don't profess to be an authority, dear; but I read and hear a good deal about what alcohol is. I am sure it is better to be on the safe side. There are a good many physicians nowadays who tell their patients that fresh air and exercise are far better than stimulants.'

'Is Fred Leeson one of that sort? Because if you make an obedient wife you won't need anybody to lecture you on the subject.'

'Don't get spiteful, Millie. I don't want to lecture you. Only I don't wish my sister to come under the influence of a temptation she is not strong enough to resist; and as for Fred, he has scarcely mentioned the subject.'

'Well, you had better talk to him about it, instead of scolding me,' returned Millicent, in quite an angry tone.

Mrs. Mordaunt was usually a good-tempered person, and the irritation she now displayed was but another token of the evil influence of her new habit. She had an underlying consciousness that she was doing wrong, and she evinced a growing desire to hide its extent from those about her. She began to restrain herself in the quantity she drank when her husband or sister was present, and only the more revelled in the enjoyment of secret drinking. Thus, for a while they were somewhat blind to the mischief which planted its roots more tenaciously than does an oak in the soil beneath. Millie's cheeks lost their glow of health and color, and she became nervous and more easily disturbed.

This developed into a form of hysteria, and her husband was greatly alarmed one evening on his return home at finding her in her room, sobbing violently.

'What is the matter, dear?' he inquired gently.

But he could make nothing of her. She sobbed afresh; then spoke to him bitterly, and declined to dress for dinner. Mordaunt good naturedly suggested that he should send for Dr. Chambers.

No; she would not have the doctor. She would have nothing. And the young husband went down to his lonely dinner with a heavy heart and a poor appetite.

He asked himself what it could all mean, and as he lifted a glass of port to his lips the thought flashed across his mental vision—

'Can it be due to her fondness for wine?'

He put the glass down untouched, and made one of those sudden resolutions which are as milestones on life's journey.

'Not another glass will I take!' What a difference would have been made in his life and happiness had he formed that decision one year earlier. Still, it was better now than not at all. It might help him to save his wife, and if not, to save others.

He went to his wife's room shortly after, and found her dozing. When she awoke he induced her to take a sandwich and some coffee. Both passed a troublous night, but he was relieved, when morning came, to find no worse condition in Millicent than that of a severe headache.

A week later there was a repetition of

the scene, and a month later his firstborn was ushered into the world, its inheritance a love of drink.

CHAPTER IV.—LEESON'S RESOLVE.

If Millicent had been 'spiteful,' as Lena suggested in her reference to Fred Leeson, it was not because she bore him any illwill. Having realized the sweets of an 'engagement,' in which she had the joys and pleasures of love without its responsibilities, she was delighted when Lena, who was only a year younger than herself, whispered the news that Fred Leeson had proposed to her.

'Of course, we can't marry yet awhile,' she said, 'because Fred is only a hospital assistant; but I think him very clever, and don't doubt he will soon get a better appointment. And neither of us is an old woman yet; are we, dear?'

'One-and-twenty can't be considered old; I am sure,' sympathetically replied Millicent.

Fred Leeson was as clever as he was handsome, and that is saying a good deal. He was a universal favorite in the hospital ward amongst the nurses and officials, and in any house to which he paid visits. He was the very life of the garden party at which he and Lena had met for the first time, and it was mutual love at sight; or perhaps at speech. Leeson was struck with the frank, lively disposition of Lena, which never bordered on forwardness or impertinence, and she admired his true manliness.

He soon found other opportunities of meeting her, the more easily because of the pleasure they gave to the lady, and in three months he had not only discovered that his affection was returned, but was in possession of her promise willingly to wait until he was in a position to offer her marriage. The whole matter was explained to Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, and Leeson became a welcome visitor at 'The Lodge.'

Some time after the interview between the two sisters just narrated he had arranged to escort Lena to a concert in town. Leeson dined at Richmond, and noticed that her face wore a graver aspect than was its wont. She tried to be pleasant and cheerful, but the effort was apparent. As soon as the opportunity presented itself he inquired—

'What is the matter with you, my lady? You are hardly yourself to-night.'

'Oh, Fred, have you noticed it? How sharp you are! It is not about myself that I am troubled, but about Millie. I am afraid she has developed a strong liking for alcoholic liquors.'

'I am sorry for that,' he replied, with sympathy; 'but the habit is new, surely. I have not observed it.'

'You have not seen her much lately,' said Lena; 'but when I mentioned the matter she spoke very crossly, and wanted to know if you had been lecturing me on the subject.'

'—And of course, you were conscientiously able to tell her that I never "lecture" you on any subject, on any pretence whatever?'

'Now, don't tease me,' answered Lena, for, as a matter of fact, she had more than once said, 'Don't lecture me,' when he was combining a little advice with information.

'Well, somebody will have to lecture your sister, that is clear,' he observed.

'Do you really think lecturing will help her?' inquired Lena.

'No, sweetheart. I don't think it will. She is more likely to take umbrage at our intrusion and our assumption of superiority. Besides, it is a usual habit with women to indulge in secret drinking when once it gains the mastery.'

'The habit is so dreadful in a woman!' Lena murmured.

'It is distressing in either sex, but all experience shows that a woman finds it almost impossible to eradicate the longing.'

'Then I suppose you are glad that I have signed the pledge?' she inquired, with a wistful look into his face.

'I don't care whether you have signed the pledge, but I am glad that you are an abstainer, and I hope you will always remain so.'

'And you, Fred, are you an abstainer?' she ventured this query, not knowing whether he was pledged or not, and thinking that the future would be easier to both if both were of one mind and one practice in the matter.

'Now, that is driving the nail home,' he replied, with a smile. 'I don't think I can say that I am either theoretically or practically an entire abstainer. I suppose I take a glass of wine, say, once a month; but it is only to maintain sociability with some of the friends I meet.'

Lena walked on silently, and the silence set him thinking. He felt that the girl at his side would like to say, only that she was too courteous to say it, that it would be nice if he gave up that occasional glass. Lovers make unselfish decisions a little more easily, perhaps, before marriage than after. Leeson had the gift of thinking rapidly, and his study of heredity and family characteristics told him that what was possible in the history of one sister was not impossible in the life of the other. Lena's devotion to the temperance cause would save her from the evil, and it was his business to help her to maintain that devotion. He could do that by doing as she did.

So before the silence became oppressive he said gently to her—

'Tell me, dearie, are you not wishing that I would take the pledge?'

She clasped his arm with both hands, and with a voice touched with emotion, replied—

'Would you, Fred? It would make me very happy. You could help us all so much, and the sacrifice would be more than met by the joy that would come into your life.'

'Oh, I will not think it a sacrifice, Lena; but that we may have one more bond of union I will join your society. I have read a good deal on the subject, and I will look afresh into Dr. Norman Kerr's work on "Inebriety," and see if we can find any suggestions that will help us in dealing with Millicent.'

They had reached St. James's Hall by this time, but the music of the concert was all the sweeter because of the new joy which had come into Lena's soul.

How different the upward path of self-denial and service Lena was treading from the downward course pursued by her sister; a course which blighted the happiness of herself, her husband, and their innocent child.

What a blessing it would be if the many young women in various grades of society, who have been won over to the temperance cause, would stand firm, and in the days of courtship secure the adhesion of lovers to entire abstinence from the drink, which brings so many evils in its train.

CHAPTER V.—DEPTHS OF MISERY.

In spite of the port wine and stout recommended by Dr. Chambers Mrs. Mordaunt did not make rapid progress after the birth of her child. Her husband was distressed at the doctor's prescriptions and wished he could banish intoxicating liquor from the house, but he felt himself powerless to interfere. He maintained his own resolution to abstain but having so long pursued an opposite course he was tolerant of the habits of others.

Once, indeed, when Millicent was well enough to enter the drawing-room and was in a soft and gracious mood he talked quietly on the subject, even venturing to suggest that she would do well to return to her old practice of abstinence, and she allowed herself to be persuaded into this view. Yet she added despondently:

'I fear I am not mistress of myself.'

'But you will try, dear, for baby's sake,' he pleaded.

'It will be hard work, George. You do not know how strong a hold the drink has upon me. If I go two or three hours without tasting it, I feel I must go anywhere and do anything in order to obtain some.'

'Try something else. Let me send you in fruit. They say that apples make a good substitute. Or you might take Bovril or cocoa or mineral waters.'

'They seem tasteless, after wine. But I will try. I am dreadfully sorry, dear, to bring all this trouble upon you. Pity me and don't be angry.'

With such a confession it will elicit no surprise that the plan of substitutes failed to meet the difficulty. For a while she avoided drinking at dinner but the servants were conscious of her private indulgence. The housemaid came from a Rechabite family and felt equally sorry for mistress and master. She would venture now and then, respectfully, to remonstrate.

'Oh, please, ma'am, let me get you a cup of tea or give you something else.'

In some moods Mrs. Mordaunt would consent to put back the bottle she had in her hand. Not always, however. At other times she would almost frighten the maid by her bitter taunts, saying:

'I don't want you to be a spy over my actions. Just mind your own business, and let me drink what I like.'

Even the abstinence of her husband annoyed her. She felt he had denied himself on her account and the absence of the decanter was a constant reminder of her own weakness.

For a while the care of her baby boy occupied her and Lena visited frequently, taking care, however, to offer no further remonstrance. Grandma came along sometimes to see the little fellow, who was declared to be the image of his father. And the father invented a number of ways of spending pleasant evenings and denied himself his chess club, in order that he might be with her.

All such attempts were palliative; they did not touch the core of the mischief, love of the poison. In time she refused to visit the theatre and the concert room, because of the long intervals during which she was deprived of the opportunity of quenching her thirst.

So, amid alternate hopes and fears, varying progress and despair, another year passed. In the third year of their marriage, a frail but lovely little girl was added to the household, but this time the father exercised his authority and induced the

doctor to dispense with stimulants. The mother tried all sorts of expedients to obtain drink, but the nurse was obdurate. At last, the patient became so restless and ungovernable that Dr. Chambers said he would not answer for the consequences if drink were altogether forbidden, and the distressed husband felt he must yield and permit a limited supply.

Millicent accepted the compromise and forced herself to quicker convalescence that she might be mistress of her own actions when she could more fully indulge her appetite.

Poor Mordaunt was in despair. His cross was a heavy one to bear and had to be borne in silence; he could not proclaim the facts to the world, nor even to his friends. He lost some of his elasticity and cheerfulness; office matters worried him more than of old; and he felt helpless. The doctor could offer no remedy. The children, though physically cared for, were subject to alternate manifestations of passionate love and thoughtless indifference. Millicent became careless in her dress and of her outward demeanor; there was a lax administration of the household; and George's dinner was not always to his liking. Sometimes, on arriving home he would find his wife in a condition of semi-intoxication, and quite unfit to enter the dining-room.

Much as he had loved his wife, it would be fatuous to suppose that he could maintain, under such conditions, the depth of his regard. Love is founded on respect; if the bases of respect disappear, love takes to itself wings and in married life only the sense of duty remains. Not the most crucial of law points gave Mordaunt half so much anxiety as how to deal with his wife. He coaxed, he scolded, he threatened to keep her without money. All was in vain; he had to pass through a ceaseless round of fits of hysteria, hypocritical repentance, bitter revilings, and helpless degradation.

Something must be done.

(To be Continued.)

Camp Endymion.

Underneath the willow trees,
Whispering to murmuring river,
Rippled by the summer breeze,
Where the moonlight shadows quiver,
Endymion peaceful, dreams,
Bathed in pure, chaste, silver light,
Raining from Diana's beams,—
Glory-flooding all the night,
Not a sound disturbs the calm,
Save a far-heard whippoorwill,
Floats a perfume wave of balm,
From the hay-fields on the hill:
Far away a woody isle,
Reached by silver track of fire,
Where the water-lilies smile,
When the sun and air conspire,
Stretches far across the stream;
With a ford of rocks to shore;
As a huge attempt did seem
Giant hands to bridge it o'er;
There where weeds and lilies grow,
In a pretty skiff afloat,
Della, and a rural beau,
Sitting on the gallant's coat,
Fished for bull-pouts by the moon;
Happy, artless innocence!
Listening to the bullfrog's tune;
And the swain's soft eloquence,
Fishing! Ah, sweet simple maid,
Learn the truth by fable taught!
I am very much afraid,
You can't carry all you've caught.
—C. S. Edwards, in the 'Witness.'

How a Tramp Was Saved.

A prayer meeting was being held in New York. It was an all-day prayer meeting, but the hour of noon was open to all comers. Just as this noon-tide meeting was about to commence, a paper was brought to the chairman of the meeting. It was in substance as follows:

'I am a poor tramp, a wretched drunkard, who has often tried to reform, but so far has failed. Arriving in your city this morning, I learned from one of your scholars that there was to be a meeting to-day in the interests of drunkards, like myself. I ask you to pray for me.'

The paper was read in the meeting, and earnest prayer to God was offered for the stranger. At the close, the chairman obtained a personal interview. A most forlorn-looking man presented himself. He was ragged and filthy, with all the marks of dissipation and utter dejection. But his eye and speech showed intelligence and sincerity. He was a German by birth, a graduate of the University of Bonn, where he had spent nine years. The minister put into his hand a copy of a book in Latin, and another in Greek, several passages from both of which he translated readily and correctly. He was no impostor.

The minister took him to a hair-dresser's, where he was shaved and had his hair cut, and then he supplied him with clean clothing, which transformed his appearance.

In the evening a mothers' meeting was held.

Yielding to a request, the stranger told the story of his life. He had emigrated to America to push his fortune. He enlisted in the army and fought all through the civil war on the side of the union, and gained an honorable discharge. But he learned to drink freely, and drink had become his master.

Great interest was felt in him, and many prayers were offered for him. He signed the pledge and kept it. A temporary home was found for him; he obtained employment, and became a regular attendant at church.

So far so good. But he was not a Christian. He was no sceptic, but he did not seem to comprehend even the simplest truths of the Gospel.

'Do you pray?' he was asked one day.

'No,' he said, smiling, 'but I think a great deal.'

The minister attended a meeting in a town two hundred miles distant, at which he told the stranger's story. Great interest was taken in his case, and most fervent prayer was offered on his behalf. That was on a Friday. The minister saw the German at church on Sunday, and on Monday the young man called upon him. A glance told him that he was a changed man.

'I have found the Lord,' said he.

'When?'

'Last Friday morning, between eleven and twelve o'clock.'

It was the very hour when hundreds of people were praying for him. 'While they were yet speaking God had heard.'

From that time he stood forth as a faithful soldier in the army of the Lord.—R. Shindler, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

When a boy finds out why policemen, car conductors, motormen, clerks, etc., are not allowed to smoke when on duty, he has found an all-sufficient reason for never touching tobacco.

As many men, so many minds. 'World Wide' reflects the thought of both hemispheres.

Miss Elsie's Prince.

(By Miss Elizabeth Robbins, in the N. Y. 'Observer'.)

Elsie was walking along an old wood-path, the blue sky above her, the soft turf beneath her feet. Delicate flowers turned their faces toward the sun, birds sang amid the fresh green leaves of the trees, and the air was fragrant with the breath of growing things.

But Elsie walked with eyes cast sadly down, unconscious of everything about her; for she was thinking and thinking, and her thoughts were not happy thoughts. On and on she went. The wide path narrowed and narrowed till it had become nothing more than a footpath, winding in and out among the tree trunks.

Suddenly, when the foot-path had almost ceased to be a path at all, Elsie came to herself with a start. In the way, close before her, busily digging in the leafy mold, was a little bent old woman. At the sound of Elsie's faint 'Oh!' the little old woman arose quickly and turning, looked in her face with bright, piercing eyes.

'Well,' she said, briskly, 'what is troubling you?'

'Who said anything was?' retorted Elsie, sourly.

'Conscience troubling you?' persisted the little old woman.

'No,' returned Elsie, shortly.

'Lost all your friends?'

'I haven't any to lose.'

'Your own fault, then. Suffering from some incurable malady?'

Elsie disdained to answer. The little old woman laughed a short, cackling laugh.

'Come,' she urged, 'tell me all about it. Perhaps I can help you, who knows?' and shaking the earth from the herb she held in her hand, she laid it in the basket she had with her, and then seated herself on a moss-covered stone.

'How old are you?' she asked, after waiting in vain for Elsie to speak.

'I'm twenty,' said Elsie, sulkily.

'And you read novels—cart loads of them?'

'I like to read,' Elsie answered evasively.

The old woman chuckled. 'So you won't tell me what is troubling you? Well, I will hazard a



DRAWING LESSON.

guess that I know what it is without the telling—I'll guess, now, that it is The Prince.'

'The Prince!' echoed Elsie, surprised out of her sulkiness.

'Yes, The Prince. You are miserable because he does not come to seek you; you fear that he will never find you in this out-of-the-way spot; and you feel abused because a cruel fate keeps you here and does not allow you to go out into the busy world where you think he is?'

Elsie hung her head.

'H'm!' prompted the old woman.

'Other girls have lovers,' said Elsie, defiantly.

'Ah, ha, I thought so; I thought that was the trouble.'

Elsie's face grew scarlet.

'And The Prince,' went on the little old woman, 'I will describe

him. He is of commanding height, and as straight and slender as a young sapling; he has melting eyes, unfathomable, inscrutable melancholy, soulful, mysterious; his hair is very dark, his moustache drooping and of a silken texture; he is as strong as a giant, absolutely without fear, but as gentle as a woman, while his manners are courtly and his sense of honor the very highest; he is rich, of course, with a yacht and a span of horses; his dress is faultless; he has every single virtue there is, and not a single vice, and he is very, very wise. In a word, this wonderful Prince is perfection itself and nothing else. Is it not so?'

Elsie gazed into the tree-tops and pretended not to hear.

'And the instant his eyes fall on you his heart will be yours; he will adore you, and worship the

ground you tread on, and marry you, and you will be happy ever after. Oh, yes; certainly.'

'But, say!' and rising suddenly, she laid a thin, brown hand on Elsie's sleeve and peered earnestly into her face. 'Say,' she repeated, and her voice became low and confidential, 'between our selves, now, don't you think he will get most awfully taken in?'

Elsie jerked her arm away. 'I think you are a hateful old thing, and I won't listen to another word you say,' she cried passionately.

'Oh, don't go, don't go. I'm coming to something in a minute, that you wouldn't want to miss on any account.'

Elsie hesitated.

'Sit down,' urged the old woman, 'Sit on that stump there, where I can see you. Ah, that is right. To return to this Prince we're waiting for! Do you honestly consider yourself quite a match for such perfection? Are not the chances about nine hundred and ninety-nine to one that he would be disappointed in his princess? You have stored your mind with rubbish; you are ignorant and idle; you shirk and slight your work, and there is not one single thing you can do thoroughly well; you are selfish and ungrateful; that scowl, and that discontented expression about your mouth, show that you are ill-natured and disagreeable; your manners are as bad as they well can be, while for your dress, why, it isn't even clean, to say nothing of its being torn; and your hair—humph, oh, it is little wonder the Prince keeps away from such a princess as you would make him.'

Elsie's eyes were filled with tears of rage. She tried to speak, but couldn't for the choking in her throat. The old woman looked at her for a full minute in silence. When she spoke again her voice was almost gentle.

'Go home, my child; go home, and try to become worthy of your prince. And mark my words,' she said impressively, 'when you are worthy of him, he will come.'

Then she arose, took her basket and hobbled away. Elsie sat perfectly still for a long time; then she too arose, and went home. Her heart was yet palpitating and her face yet burned. Never before

had anyone talked to her so plainly or said such dreadful things, and she resented it fiercely.

But the words of the old woman had sunk too deep to be forgotten, and Elsie watching herself closely, came little by little to see that they were true. Then did she begin trying to make herself worthy of a perfect prince. She kept her hair smooth and her gowns always tidy; she did faithfully the tasks that fell to her to do; she made an effort to be kind and pleasant to everybody, and at about this time the scowl in her forehead began to disappear, and the corners of her mouth began to turn up instead of down.

At about this time, too, Elsie discovered that she lived in a beautiful and interesting world, and wished to know and understand it better, she read books that told about the stars and flowers, and birds and bees, and rocks; so that she became wise in many ways.

All this took time—years, and in these years, Elsie's motives, strangely enough, had been slowly changing, till they had become quite different from what they were at first. She no longer even thought of how she might become worthy of The Prince; instead, she tried very hard to be good, and unselfish, and faithful, and loving, because it was right—because it would be pleasing to the good Lord. The expression of her face grew very winning, and she had friends.

Once in a while Elsie thought of The Prince, and wished he would come riding by, but for the most part she was so busy, and found life so interesting and happy, that she was content to wait.

But one day when Elsie was thinking of anything but the Prince, he appeared. She did not even recognize him at first, he was so very different from what she had imagined him. He seemed just an ordinary young man, whom she had always known, who had come on an errand to her father. She had not seen him for several years, to be sure, for he had been away at college; but they had gone to the same school together when they were children, and Elsie had often seen him in the days when she was so unhappy.

Elsie, as I said, had no suspicion that this young man was The Prince, on this first visit; when he

came again and again, and they had long talks, and she found that he was intelligent and honest and thoughtful of others and God-fearing, she began to suspect it. When he came yet oftener, and she came to know him better and better, she not only suspected, but knew that he was in truth the very prince for whom she had been waiting.

And one day, when he had asked her and she had promised—to be his wife, she told him about the little old woman she had seen so long ago in the wood.

Trifles.

Tigers are sometimes caught in the following manner: A bait is put in a certain position, leaves with bird-lime upon them are scattered about here and there. The tiger treads on one—it sticks to his paw. Being a great cat, he tries to lick it off; it gets on his eyelids and closes them up. He treads on another leaf, and gets his lips glued



up, and so on, until after floundering about in a rage, he sinks down exhausted and is killed.

And many a one strong, so far as natural strength is concerned, is slain by very small means. A microbe will infect a giant with a deadly disease, and destroy his life. A temptation, very small also and very poor, will destroy a soul. It will blind the eyes—one small sin leads on to another and ruin ends the scene.

We suspect danger in great temptations, but often our worse perils lie in small ones. 'Died from thin shoes,' is the inscription on a young lady's tombstone—the cause seemed small, but it could produce death.—'Cottager and Artizan.'

Some frogs jump two yards and more at a time, and they jump as high as five feet. There is a story about an Indian and a frog who ran a race for the pond. The frog was to have three jumps ahead, to start with. But somebody touched him with a burning stick as he started, and he jumped so fast and so far, that the Indian was left behind.



LESSON IV.—JANUARY 27.

Christ Silences the Pharisees

Matthew xxii., 34-46. Memory verses, 37-40.
Read Matt. xxi., 19 to xxii., 40.

Golden Text.

'What think ye of Christ?'—Matt. xxii., 42.

The Bible Lesson.

34. But when the Pharisees had heard that he had put the Sadducees to silence, they were gathered together.

35. Then one of them, which was a lawyer, asked him a question, tempting him, and saying,

36. Master, which is the great commandment in the law?

37. Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

38. This is the first and great commandment.

39. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

40. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

41. While the Pharisees were gathered together, Jesus asked them,

42. Saying, What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he? They say unto him, The Son of David.

43. He saith unto them, How, then, doth David in spirit call him Lord, saying,

44. The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool?

45. If David then call him Lord, how is he his son?

46. And no man was able to answer him a word, neither durst any man from that day forth ask him any more questions.

Suggestions:

The Pharisees and the Sadducees had been asking questions of Jesus, by which they had intended to entangle him, and to make him appear to be teaching doctrines contrary to the orthodox beliefs of the people. But our Lord answered with divine wisdom teaching them in each instance the deep underlying truth which could not be disturbed by their superficial cavillings.

When the Pharisees heard that the Sadducees (the rival religious party) had failed in their attempts to make Jesus appear impractical, they gathered to try to catch him in his talk. One of the lawyers, a scribe who had to do with copying and interpreting the law (God's law as given in the old Testament), stood out and asked Jesus which of all the commandments was the greatest. Without the slightest hesitation Jesus answered him, giving the summing up of the whole law toward God as the first commandment, and the summing up of man's duty to man as the second commandment. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. This concise epitome of the law was much used and printed on phylacteries, was worn tied on the forehead and on the arms of the zealous. (Deut. vi., 4-9; Lev. xix., 13.)

After all these questions from the Jews, our Lord asked a question of them: What think ye of Christ? whose son is he? This is a most important question for men to answer honestly and correctly. Jesus Christ is not only the Son of David, perfect in humanity, he is also the Son of God, perfect in divinity. David spoke of him not as his son (descendant), but as his Lord, co-equal and one with Jehovah. (Ps. cx., 1.)

But the Pharisees had studied the Scrip-

tures without the aid of the Holy Spirit, and had failed to realize the true character of the Messiah. To the questions of Jesus they were not able to reply, because they were not seeking the truth with their whole hearts.

Questions.

How did the leaders of the Jews try to entangle Jesus in his talk? Did they have any success? What did our Lord say was the first and great commandment? What the second? Would we be happy if we obeyed these? Will you try to obey them for this year? Is there anything too hard for Jesus to do?

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Jan. 27.—Topic—Missions: resolutions.—Rom. i., 14-16.

Junior C. E. Topic.**A MISSIONARY CONTRAST.**

Mon., Jan. 21.—Homes without God.—Eph. ii., 12.

Tues., Jan. 22.—God in the home.—Acts x., 1, 2.

Wed., Jan. 23.—The world's need.—John viii., 12.

Thu., Jan. 24.—Send forth the Gospel.—Rom. x., 13-15.

Fri., Jan. 25.—Making home happy.—Acts xvi., 30-34.

Sat., Jan. 26.—Thank God for your blessings.—Ps. ciii., 1-5.

Sun., Jan. 27.—Topic—Missions: heathen homes and Christian homes. I. Tim. i., 3-5; iii., 14, 15.

The Free Church Catechism.

12. Q.—What benefit have we from the Son of God becoming Man?

A.—We have a Mediator between God and men; one who as God reveals to us what God is, and, as perfect Man, represents our race before God.

13. Q.—What further benefits have we from our Lord's life on earth?

A.—We have in him a brother man who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, as well as perfect example of what we ought to be.

14. Q.—What did he accomplish for us by his death on the Cross?

A.—By offering himself a sacrifice without blemish unto God, he fulfilled the requirements of Divine Holiness, atoned for all our sins, and broke the power of Sin.

The Unseen Hand.

'I'm very glad you've come to-day, miss, for I've something wonderful to tell you,' said the mother of one of my Sunday scholars on opening the door one afternoon in answer to my knock.

'Well,' she began, when I had taken a seat, 'Willie started last evening to go to the choir practice; it was so dark that one couldn't see one's fingers, but I didn't like to say he shouldn't go.'

'It was a very rough night, but during a lull soon after he had started my ears caught the cry, "Oh, dear! Oh!" and I knew that the voice was Willie's. "I'm coming!" I shouted back, as I sprang forward into the darkness. As I went the wind rose higher, and suddenly with its roaring were mingled loud strains from the village band practicing in the squire's coach-house.'

"If only they'd leave off beating the drum," I sighed as I halted; then I called loudly, "Willie, where are you?" but no answer came. I went a little further, and then the noise and the blackness confused me; I felt I was going crookedly, and presently had wandered off the road to the grass beside it.

'Then a terrible fear entered my heart and caused me to stand still—the fear lest my child or I should find a watery grave. "Lord, keep us from harm, be our Guide, and we shall be safe," I whispered.'

'Then I called again to Willie, and receiving no reply, moved on, but had gone only a few steps when I felt compelled to halt once more. Spreading out my right hand I bent lower and lower, to find out whether I was near any shrub, and when the tips of my fingers touched water, I realized that I stood on the edge of the pond, and that my Lord had sent his angel to save me from

taking that one step which was between me and death.

"Father, I thank Thee," I faltered, as I rose; and at that moment a vivid flash of lightning showed me which way to take. My feet were scarcely on the hard road again when the band ceased playing, the wind was hushed, and there was a calm. Eagerly I raised my voice to utter my boy's name, and immediately a cheery "Here, mother!" came to me, and at the same time a lantern appeared at the top of the lane; and presently when the bearer shouted: "Hullo, what's amiss?" I knew that he was Mr. Jarvis, the bootmaker.'

'We soon met and got Willie out of the ditch into which he had tumbled in consequence of walking too near its edge, and where—on account of having an arm in a sling—he was obliged to stay till some one arrived to assist him up the steep side; but the ditch was a dry one, so he is none the worse for his adventure, I am glad to say.'

Mrs. Grant's eyes filled with tears of gratitude as she added, 'Oh, it was wonderful! Truly the angel of his presence saved me, and I can never thank him half enough for that marvellous proof that he is very nigh unto all that call upon him.'—Daphne Hammonde, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

Temperance Sunday.

Mr. Amos R. Wells gives the following hints for a 'Quotation Lesson' on temperance Sunday:

The teacher holds in his hand a bunch of papers, on each of which is written an interesting quotation bearing on temperance. The collection will include longer anecdotes as well as brisk sentences. Many will bear famous names. Each scholar will choose a quotation at random and read it aloud. The teacher will draw out its meaning by questions, will add illustrations and practical comments, will tell something about the author of the quotation, or will show the connection of the thought or anecdote with the day's lesson. In some classes the scholars themselves may be trusted to bring their own quotations or anecdotes.

Let me mention briefly a few more devices out of many that may add interest to these lessons. Get a trained worker along temperance lines to come in and address the class. Carry out a series of simple experiments, showing the physiological effects of alcohol. Try a fifteen-minutes' debate on some temperance topic. Get the scholars now and then to write five-minute essays, or give five-minute talks on appropriate themes. Let one edit a temperance paper, in manuscript, of course—collecting contributions from each scholar and reading the result before the class as a sample number of the 'Cold Water Herald.' Some Sunday call on every member of the class to sign the pledge.

It is an admirable plan to set each of your scholars to doing some steady work in preparation for these lessons. One, for instance, may watch the newspapers and collect temperance facts and illustrations of the evils of strong drink. Indeed, the theme branches out into channels so many and so wide, that, when once the teacher is started upon them, his greatest lack will be of time for exploration, and so far from desiring the temperance lessons fewer than four, he will wish it were possible for them to come every month.—'Christian Endeavor World.'

The Parents' Words.

Parents should see to it that their children study the lessons used in the Sunday school. In this way they can co-operate directly and powerfully with the efforts of the Sunday school. Parents should not only make themselves acquainted with the lesson, but they should require the children to study them. If this were done more generally the results of the work of the Sunday school would be much more satisfactory than they now frequently are. One of the weaknesses of our Sunday school work is that there is so little attention paid to the preparation of the lesson by the scholars. The only way to bring about an improvement is for parents to become interested in the matter, and insist upon the studying of the lesson during the week at home.—'Evangelical.'

Every man in his humor. 'World Wide' is a collection of the best writing on the most interesting subjects.



An Appeal for the Boys.

(By C. S. Burnett, in 'Union Signal'.)

W. C. T. U. Medal Contest Recitation.

A question in importance overshadowing all others faces us to-day. It is this:—What is to be the character of our citizenship in the new century we are so soon to enter? However great our interest in politics, in tariff, or silver or labor, we realize there is a still greater question—one which, indeed, is the end of all politics and government—The Child.

Building character is the great work of our public schools. We want to place on this broad domain a people who shall know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.

The putting into the generations that shall follow us the character that can be trusted anywhere is the thing to be aimed at. We want our boys to be

'Truly equipped for life's mystic battle,
Helmet fastened and sword in hand.'

We must fight the great battles of the world through the children. The secret which decides the fate of any battle is found in the preparation which goes before. It is true of battles for reform.

The eye of this generation should be fixed upon the young. There is an army marching forward, in which every man may be a hero, made strong in mighty conflict. Put your ear to the ground and you may hear them, 'Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching.'

Whether they march to victory over self, victory over foes without as well as foes within, depends upon the habits they are forming during childhood and youth.

Within recent years an insidious vice has sprung up all over our land, and our brightest boys are falling victims to its prey.

This vice is the narcotic habit in all its forms, and especially in its worst form—the cigarette. The evil has grown to such mighty proportions that state legislatures and school boards have listened to the appeals of the brave band of white-ribbon women, and have given legislation and secured the enforcement of the laws in many places.

Parents, will you do your part? Will you aid in the educational work? Will you aid in the enforcement of law? You can get evidence needed for conviction if you try. I ask you to look in the faces of so many of our boys who have formed this habit, and see how the better nature is being crushed out by this vice, and know that no boy is safe so long as our laws are violated with impunity. Your boy may be tempted and may fall. Just as good boys have fallen. Place the barriers of enforced law about him. The man who would wrong your son by selling this poisonous drug to him deserves greater punishment than he who robs you of your property; yet you are raising no voice, lifting no hand to protect them. Why? Partly because you do not know the dangerous nature of the 'deadly cigarette.' A committee of United States senators appointed to investigate the nature of cigarettes, when legislation against their sale was pending, brought in a report that they are all injurious to youth, and Congress passed the law that the women petitioned for. A petition for this law was signed by the teachers and ministers of the District of Columbia, and two hundred and fifty-seven physicians.

Professor Hartigan, of West Virginia University, says:—'The effect of continued use of this narcotic is to paralyze the will so that considerations that would influence a well man have little weight with an old devotee of the pipe or quid.' He also says: 'The use of the cigarette has a tendency to foster in the young inclinations destructive of high moral principle.' The testimony of teachers and Sunday-school workers everywhere confirm this.

Professor Mardis says:—'Fifteen boys fell out of the tenth grade in one year from use of tobacco.' He now has an Anti-Tobacco League in every room, with excellent results.

Professor Morris, of Alliance, Ohio, says: 'Tobacco is our greatest enemy.'

The principal of St. Clairsville, Ohio, schools, says:—'Boys lose interest in school work, become truants, fail in examination and fall out of school soon after the tobacco habit has been fixed.'

Young women, be strong. Fit yourselves for the highest. In the meantime use every power you possess to save our boys from every vice that is degrading them. Your frown upon these bad habits will arrest the thought of young men when all else fails. Demand in them as high a standard of morality as they demand in you. Be kind but firm.

Now, friends, to you all we appeal. Can you see this destruction of our young manhood going on all around you and lift no warning voice to save?

Philanthropy and patriotism alike urge you by example, and counsel all your powers as citizens to save our boys from this, their greatest foe. Save them from tobacco, and you can save them easily from the saloon. We appeal to you in the name of all you love and hold dear, to help us wrest this nation from the nicotine habit.—'Union Signal.'

Willing Workers.

(By Mrs. F. G. De Fontaine, in 'Union Signal'.)

(A Temperance Song.)

Work, boys, work, while still it is day;
Work, boys, work, 'tis better than play.
Work with a will and work with a might,
Fight with the foe by day and by night;
Vanquish him, banish him out of sight,
Dally not with him, 'go for the right.'

Fight, boys, fight, till the battle is won,
Fight, boys, fight, till you hear the 'well done.'

Fight with the young, and fight with the old

Bring them all saved at last to the fold.
Vanquish him, banish him out of sight,
Dally not with him, 'go for the right.'

Shout, boys, shout, with your banners on high;

Shout, boys, shout, till the news reach the sky.

Shout it abroad o'er sea and o'er land.
God bless the work of the temperance band.

Vanquish him, banish him out of sight,
Dally not with him, 'go for the right.'

Why Should I Sign the Pledge

(Mrs. S. M. I. Henry.)

'I'm not a drunkard.'
'I don't drink anything to speak of.'
'If I want a drink I take it; if I don't, I let it alone.'
'I never take so much that I don't know what I am about.'
'I can drink little or much; it never hurts me.'
'I can drink, or let it alone.'
'Why should I sign the pledge?'

Because—
1. You don't want to be a drunkard. I never found a man that did; and the disappointment of men who wake up to find themselves drunkards, is something too terrible to take the slightest chance on, and a pledge of total abstinence taken and kept, will turn any man or woman from the path of the drunkard and the shame to which it leads.

A deliberate promise is the strongest tether with which any man can bind a good purpose. You have a purpose to be sober, reliable, pure; then bind the habits of your life to it with a solemn promise to abstain forever from all intoxicating liquors, including wine, beer and cider, and you are safe from that dragon.

2. You should sign the pledge and stop all use of intoxicating drink, because if you drink it ever so moderately you are in danger. The subtle poison of alcohol has just one way with human blood and nerves and brain, and if you take one glass to-day

of light wine, you are in the path that leads to the drunkard's death. You may follow in the road that is filled up with drunkards, who all began with the first glass, which opened the gate to all that has followed of shame and sorrow.

3. You should sign the pledge, even if you never touched a drop of alcoholic drink, that your name and influence may be on the right side of the question. If you have a boy or girl, that you may lead your child in the right way. As a citizen, for the sake of the tempted and weak who need the strength which would come to them from your name on the pledge; as a member of society, that the social world may sooner adopt the fashion of purity; as a man, that every other man and woman may know just where you stand, and that no one shall dare call your position in question. 'It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, or anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended or is made weak.' (Rom. xiv., 21.)—'Dominion Leaflet.'

Testimonials to the Value of 'World Wide.'

Principal PETERSON, LL.D.,
McGill University.

Montreal, Jan. 2, 1901.

(To the Editor of 'World Wide'.)

Care—'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Dear Sir,—I procured a copy of the first number of 'World Wide' before leaving Quebec yesterday, and read it with pleasure and a great deal of interest on the journey to Montreal. I am sure it ought to have a highly prosperous career before it, and the price at which the paper is to be offered to annual subscribers should put it within the reach of all. It will be a pleasure to act on your kind invitation to make suggestions with regard to the reprinting of such articles or papers as may, from time to time, come under my notice. Meanwhile I send you my best wishes for the success of the enterprise, and remain,
Yours faithfully, W. PETERSON.

A. JOHNSON, LL.D.,

Dean of the Faculty of Arts, McGill University.

(To the Editor of 'World Wide'.)

I hope your enterprise will be successful. The plan of your journal will be highly appreciated by readers of literary taste who wish to free their opinions and their knowledge from the narrowing influence of locality.

Such a publication as you aim at will tend to the same effect as that produced, to use a well-known simile, when a man habitually living in a cave, steps forth and surveys nature under the broad canopy of the heavens.

It will help to guard against, what Bacon calls, the 'Idols of the Cave.'

January 2, 1901. A. JOHNSON.

TORONTO 'GLOBE.'

The Toronto 'Globe,' in its issue of Jan. 2, says:—

'John Dougall & Son, proprietors of 'The Montreal Witness,' are publishing 'World Wide,' a weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews of Europe and America. The publishers have determined, very wisely, we think, not to spend money on fine paper, but to be content with what is absolutely necessary, and the result is that for two cents the reader gets sixteen pages of very useful and instructive matter not easily accessible to the ordinary reader. There are several very good publications of this kind. The 'Review of Reviews,' 'Public Opinion,' and 'The Literary Digest,' but the matter in the new one is so well selected that it seems likely to make a field for itself, while it has the advantage of being specially prepared for Canadian readers.'

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From Our Mail Bag.

Of the many encouraging letters being received, here are a few:—

A GOOD LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

We have to gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a list of fifty subscribers for the 'Northern Messenger' at twenty-five cents each, from Nellie McVeen, Stella, Ont. We will award Miss McVeen one of our celebrated Post Fountain Pens as a premium in recognition of the great interest manifested in securing such a good list for the 'Messenger.' If there are any other boys or girls who would like to earn a Post Fountain Pen in the same way here is an opportunity.

(From Rev. W. J. Crothers, D.D., president of the Bay of Quinte Conference, Methodist Church, Belleville, Ont.)

To the Editor of the 'Witness,'—I desire to wish the 'Witness' a happy new year. I look upon it as the best all round family paper published in Canada to-day, and so far as I know it has no superior in the world. Go on in your grand work of rebuking sin, and leading humanity to a higher plane. Yours very truly,
W. J. CROTHERS.

Gananoque, Jan. 2, 1901.

John Dougall & Son:—

Gentlemen,—I am very much pleased with the 'Witness.' It is indeed a model daily, equal to the best of our Canadian dailies in the matter of news, and superior, I think, in regard to general information, while its character and tone are above reproach. You have done what Sheldon and Parker both failed to do—produced and maintained a model daily paper. Yours truly,

H. GRACEY.

Tiverton, Ont., Jan. 1, 1901.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son:

Dear Sirs,—Herewith receive my subscription for the 'Daily Witness,' which I have been taking for a number of years. I take pleasure in renewing my subscription for it.

At different times another daily paper was offered to me, but I prefer the 'Witness.' I like its adherence to what is right, relative to the cause of temperance and Protestantism, etc. I recommend it to others, and have been doing so in the past. May it continue to be more and more useful. This is my earnest prayer. Yours truly,

JOHN CAMERON,
Minister of the Gospel.

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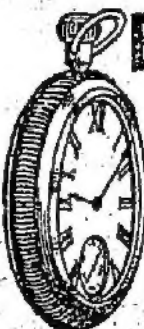
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This Beautiful Doll is given for selling only 2 dozen packages of delicious perfume at 10c. each. Our perfume is in three odors—heliotrope, violet and rose. It is so fragrant and is put up in such beautiful packages that often several can be sold in one house. Any girl can easily earn this handsome doll. She is a real beauty, 19 inches tall, with movable head, arms and legs, so that she can sit in a chair. Her dress is of rich material, cut in the latest style, and beautifully trimmed with velvet and lace. Her hat is extremely fashionable, and she has also stockings, slippers and underclothing. She is very pretty, with rosy cheeks, red lips, blue eyes and an abundance of light, curly hair. Remember, we ask no money in advance. Simply write and we send perfume. You sell it, return us the money, and we send your doll, carefully packed. Home Specialty Co., Box 83 Toronto.

EARN THIS
WATCH

Practically only 2 dozen Glass Pens at 10c. each. These wonderful Pens are made of one piece of glass with colored borders and fitted nib. They never wear out and will write a page with one dip off ink. Write and we mail Pens. Sell them, return money, and we send postpaid this handsome Watch with polished nickel case, ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hand, keyless wind and genuine American lever movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. TOLEDO PEN CO., Box 83 Toronto, Can.

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